MAX PAYNE 3
HOBOKEN BLUES
EXPLICIT CONTENT
HOUSER
LAKE
BLANCO
WILSON
PRESENTED BY
MARVEL
CUSTOM EDITION
2 of 3
NOT FOR RESALE

HOBOKEN, NJ.
Walton's BAR
This was actually a pretty decent day by my standards, although I was kind of late for the office.
When you're heading into your local, you hope it's going to be something like this...

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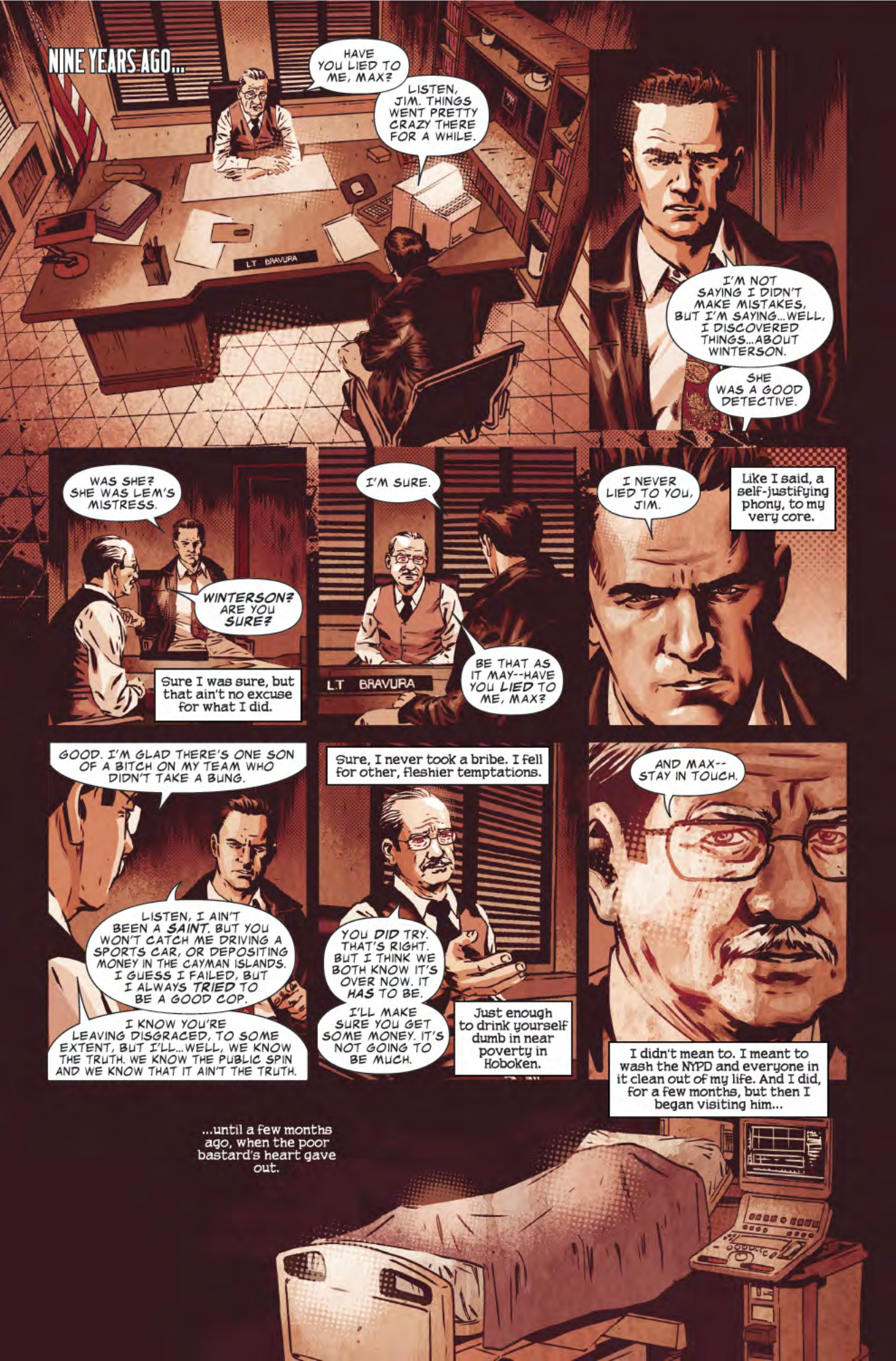
YOUR USUAL, MATT?
YES. ERR... IT'S MAX.
YEAH, I MEANT MAX. WAS THAT A BOTTLE OF BEER?
SCOTCH... KONG.
There's nothing like great personal service to make you love a place.
Either that or the glamorous clientele.
DO YOU KNOW THIS GUY? KIND OF FREAKS ME OUT.
HE'S MY NEIGHBOR. HE FREAKS THE HELL OUT OF ME, TOO. BUT HE DON'T DO NO HARM.
We were typical barfly losers, passing judgment on those a little more unfortunate than us....
...and hoping against hope that redemption would walk right in and sit down next to us.
GIMME A GIN AND TONIC.
But after visiting my wife's grave, I didn't have the strength to play that game tonight.

MANHATTAN, HELL'S KITCHEN, THE MID 1990s...
My wife drank gin and tonic. Not too many. She wasn't the wino in the family.
GET YOUR HANDS OFF ME!
When I met her, she was working for the D.A.
HEY! GET OFF HER!
I thought I would be her knight in shining armor.
UNGH!
WHUD
KRNCH
WHERE CAN I TAKE YOU?
JUST TO THE SUBWAY.

Subway
Hell's Kitchen
ACE
MY NAME'S MAX... MAX PAYNE.
JESUS. YOU POOR BASTARD. YOUR PARENTS MUST HAVE REALLY HATED YOU.
WELL...
LISTEN, I'D LOVE TO BUY YOU A DRINK SOMETIME, IF THAT'S OKAY, OR...?
Eventually I quit smoking, but then I long since started again.
DO YOU WANT A CIGARETTE?
YES, TOUGH GUY... I'VE GOT THIS DEEP-SEATED LONGING FOR EMPHYSEMA.
YOU MUST HAVE A REALLY LOW OPINION OF WOMEN, MAX PAYNE.
YOU HELPED ME OUT. I'M GRATEFUL. THAT GRATITUDE ONLY EXTENDS SO FAR.
ERR... I KNOW. I DIDN'T MEAN IT LIKE THAT.
SO YOU WEREN'T ASKING ME OUT? I'M NOT SURE I LIKE THAT ANY BETTER.
YOU SURE KNOW HOW TO TREAT A GIRL.
OH... I'M... I GUESS...
I'M TEASING YOU, TOUGH GUY.
I THINK YOU SHOULD FOCUS YOUR ENERGIES ON BEATING BAD GUYS UP, NOT ARGUING WITH THEM.
I WORK AT THE D.A.'S OFFICE. YOU CAN MEET ME THERE AFTER WORK NEXT TUESDAY.
BUT YES. I'D BE HAPPY TO HAVE A DRINK WITH YOU SOMETIME.
We were married six months later.
MAX... I'M LATE... I THINK I'M...
We went to Montauk on our honeymoon.
Our daughter was born nine months later.
Six months after that, I buried them both, after drug addicts murdered them in our home.

Of course, now I'm a drug addict...
...alcoholic...
...and a smoker, myself, so who am I to judge anyone?
SO YOU KNOW THERE'S NO SMOKING HERE?
ARE YOU GOING TO HAVE ME ARRESTED?
God, I can be a self-indulgent prick sometimes.
NO. DIDN'T SOMEONE SAY YOU USED TO BE A COP?
A LONG TIME AGO.
WHAT HAPPENED?
I GOT PUT ON DISABILITY.
DISABILITY?
IN A MANNER OF SPEAKING.


NINE YEARS AGO...
HAVE YOU LIED TO ME, MAX?
LISTEN, JIM. THINGS WENT PRETTY CRAZY THERE FOR A WHILE.
LT BRAVURA
I'M NOT SAYING I DIDN'T MAKE MISTAKES, BUT I'M SAYING... WELL, I DISCOVERED THINGS... ABOUT WINTERSON.
SHE WAS A GOOD DETECTIVE.
WAS SHE? SHE WAS LEM'S MISTRESS.
WINTERSON? ARE YOU SURE?
Sure I was sure, but that ain't no excuse for what I did.
I'M SURE.
LT BRAVURA
BE THAT AS IT MAY--HAVE YOU LIED TO ME, MAX?
I NEVER LIED TO YOU, JIM.
Like I said, a self-justifying phony, to my very core.
GOOD. I'M GLAD THERE'S ONE SON OF A BITCH ON MY TEAM WHO DIDN'T TAKE A BUNG.
LISTEN, I AIN'T BEEN A SAINT. BUT YOU WON'T CATCH ME DRIVING A SPORTS CAR, OR DEPOSITING MONEY IN THE CAYMAN ISLANDS. I GUESS I FAILED, BUT I ALWAYS TRIED TO BE A GOOD COP.
I KNOW YOU'RE LEAVING DISGRACED, TO SOME EXTENT, BUT I'LL... WELL, WE KNOW THE TRUTH. WE KNOW THE PUBLIC SPIN AND WE KNOW THAT IT AIN'T THE TRUTH.
Sure, I never took a bribe. I fell for other, fleshier temptations.
YOU DID TRY. THAT'S RIGHT. BUT I THINK WE BOTH KNOW IT'S OVER NOW. IT HAS TO BE.
I'LL MAKE SURE YOU GET SOME MONEY. IT'S NOT GOING TO BE MUCH.
Just enough to drink yourself dumb in near poverty in Hoboken.
AND MAX-- STAY IN TOUCH.
I didn't mean to. I meant to wash the NYPD and everyone in it clean out of my life. And I did, for a few months, but then I began visiting him...
...until a few months ago, when the poor bastard's heart gave out.

THE MID 1990s...
COME ON, MAX. THE FINE AND NOBLE DEGENERATES OF THIS TOWN ARE NOT GOING TO CATCH THEMSELVES.
OKAY, ALEX.
Alex Balder was my partner and my best friend.
WELL, WE'RE ALL LONG PAST OUR GLORY DAYS, EH, MATT?
NO. I WAS MORE OF A DESK COP. BIT OF TRAFFIC DUTY. LOTS OF PAPERWORK.
YOU KNOW, I USED TO BE IN A PUNK ROCK BAND. STAGE DIVING! THAT WAS MY THING. BET YOU NEVER THREW YOURSELF OFF A STAGE INTO A CROWD.
THIS IS THE BIG ONE, MAX. I PROMISE YOU. SHOW A LITTLE FAITH.
SO YOU KEEP TELLING ME.
We had been waging a war against drugs in this city for years--finally, it seemed as if we were winning.
THAT'S VALKYR, AND THAT'S A LOT OF MONEY.
YES... I THINK THIS IS IT.
ARE THOSE PUNCHINELLO FOOT SOLDIERS?
FREEZE! POLICE!
PUT YOUR GOD DAMN HANDS UP. NOW!

I THANK THE JUDGE FOR BEING STRONG, AND I HOPE THE SENTENCE REMINDS ALL OF OUR FRIENDS IN THE PUNCHINELLO CRIME ORGANIZATION JUST WHAT FUTURE AWAITS THEM.
Alex was wise, brave, intelligent. Me? I discovered other, more physical talents.
IT'S ALL THERE--AND IT'S REAL GOOD. YOU'LL GET KIDS CLIMBING THE WALLS FOR THIS SHIT. IT'S THE REAL THING. KILL YOUR GRANDMOTHER PURE.
HANDS UP, OFFICER.
THEY'LL BE HAPPY WHEN THEY FIND OUT IT'S YOU I WHACKED, DETECTIVE BALDER.
WHAT THE FUCK?
WBC-632
JESUS, MAX, THAT WAS INCREDIBLE. YOU SAVED MY LIFE.
It broke my heart when they finally killed him a few years later.

I'd been sitting at the bar for three hours or about five years, depending on how you looked at things.
I tried not to look at things.
I tried not to think about when it was that my existence became less about the things that make up people's lives, and more about the holes that losing those things leave behind...
...but I wasn't doing a very good job at it.
HEY, WHERE'S THE WOMEN?
I NEED TO GET LAID, BABY, YEAH.
PUT THE MUSIC UP, WE'RE HERE!
TIME TO FUCKING PARTY.
HEY, LET ME ASK YOU A QUESTION: WHERE THE FUCK ARE YOUR DOUGHNUTS?
These pricks had been annoying me for days. They were typical Jersey rich kids. The ringleader, I think his name was Tony, his dad was some well-known hood. Drug dealer. Racketeer. Pillar of the New Jersey community.
SERIOUSLY, I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU TO GET OUT OF HERE, OLD MAN.
YEAH, OLD MAN.
THAT'S A NICE ECHO. DO YOUR GORILLAS HAVE PERSONALITIES OF THEIR OWN, OR DO THEY JUST AGREE WITH EVERYTHING YOU SAY?
Of course, in a way, it was my fault they were here at all...

THE MID 2000s...
After I got retired from the force, I watched TV and drank and saw the Punchinellos get taken down from the lofty heights of their criminal empire.
KONG
One by one, they all got taken down.
Now, with Lupino and Punchinello himself long gone, they were a bunch of schmucks without the delusions of grandeur that too much money...
COME ON, MAN, WE GOTTA MAKE OUR NUT OR THE BOSS WILL KILL US.
KILL US? WHO'S HE GONNA HAVE KILL US? WE'RE ALL THAT'S LEFT.
YOU'RE UNDER ARREST FOR SELLING COUNTERFEIT GOODS.
TOMMY, YOU CHUMP! I TOLD YOU SHE WAS A COP.
...too much power...
...and not enough brains God will give any idiot.
Without the patronage of their friends in the Inner Circle, they were reduced to street hustlers and common criminals.

Some claimed it was a new era in New Jersey.
That the glory days of organized crime were over.
But where there's drugs, there's hoods.
And where there's hoods, there's hierarchies, and vendettas, and bribes.
POLICE
POLICE LINE: DO NOT CROSS
POLICE LINE: DO NOT CROSS
And pretty soon, cops were being paid to look the wrong way...
I AM A LEGITIMATE BUSINESSMAN AND A PROUD MEMBER OF MY COMMUNITY. DRUGS ARE A SCOURGE AND, AS A PARENT, I PRIDE MYSELF IN HAVING NOTHING TO DO WITH THEM.
...and some other rancid cream has risen to the top.

YEAH, HAS-BEEN WASHED-UP OLD COP SHOULD GO ON TV. TELL SOME JOKES ABOUT HOW YOU GOT YOUR WIFE KILLED OR SOME SHIT.
And goading me now was his idiotically haired son...
YEAH, WHERE'S THE LITTLE OLD LADY?
...and his posse of low I.Q. pals...
...all high on coke, or E, or roids, or hairspray. Or themselves, it was hard to tell which.
I OWN THIS TOWN, AMIGO.
THAT'S A GOOD LINE. DO YOU PRACTICE THAT IN FRONT OF THE MIRROR IN YOUR UNDERWEAR?
YOUR FATHER OWNS THIS TOWN. YEAH, DEAR OLD DAD. WELL KNOWN DRUG DEALER AND MURDERER. YOU'RE NOTHING BUT A CHUMP.
DO NOT DISRESPECT MY FAMILY! YOU AIN'T GOT THE RIGHT!
NOW SAY YOU'RE SORRY, YOU FUCKING HAS-BEEN COP, MOTHERFUCKER. SAY YOU ARE SORRY!
AND LOOK AWAY FROM ME. LOOK AWAY FROM ME. DON'T YOU STARE AT ME. SAY YOU'RE SORRY!
Of course, if I couldn't forgive myself for my past life, it turned out neither could these assholes.
TO BE CONTINUED...

OUT NOW

MATURE 17+
M
CONTENT RATED BY ESRB

Blood and Gore
Intense Violence
Partial Nudity
Strong Language
Strong Sexual Content
Use of Drugs and Alcohol

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XBOX 360. XBOX LIVE. PS3 PC DVD-ROM

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